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Sailing the Salish Sea

*Story by Kevin
Henry, page 3*

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the search for intelligent life in the universe

janinebandcroft.wordpress.com

Have you been watching the new *Cosmos* series, hosted by Neil deGrasse Tyson? It's fantastic! I remember the first go-round, with Carl Sagan. He and his book (*Cosmos*) were introduced by a friend back in the 80s, and it had a profound effect on my worldview. I've always taken some comfort in the knowledge that we humans are such tiny little insignifi-

cant beings, when taken in the context of the enormity of the vast universes. This realization has helped me keep my ego in check, focus on the bigger picture rather than get lost in the details, and hope that somewhere there's a planet with more compassionate and intelligent life where my spirit can truly flourish (rather than get trapped as a wage-slave) in future lifetimes.

I don't worship any particular God, or Creator, but I do recognize that our total collective energy, alongside individual genetic anomalies, guides and shapes evolutionary patterns. So when I make a decision, like the tough choice of retiring the *Street Newz* to the history shelf, I watch to see what kind of response I get from the universe.

It's been a wonderful ten years, shaped by the people I've met, supported by many including a small but generous inheritance my dad, Lionel Philip (Ted) Bandcroft, gifted to me as he left this physical plane. I live a simple lifestyle, and invested dad's donation wisely. I think he'd be as proud as I am grateful. Dad helped keep the *Street Newz*, a truly non-profit project that won't be leaving a big debt in its wake, alive for a full decade. But, like all good things, dad's inheritance is nearing its end. I have a choice to make. I can either continue with the path I'm on and eventually go broke, or I can take what's left and invest it in something that will sustain me into the future.

I was a bit concerned that my announcement, to retire *Street Newz* completely, would be met with anger, sadness, or some other negative resistance. But friends and family have been very supportive. The best news is that Victoria's street community will not be completely abandoned, the *Street Newz* vendors will not be suddenly without employment. Sean Condon, executive director at the *Megaphone* in Vancouver, is delighted to bring their quality magazine across the pond. They'll be looking to include Victoria content to add to their excellent analysis of federal policies, provincial legislation, the impact of gentrification, the dire need for affordable housing, the conflict between the charity model and the need for systemic change ... etc.

After putting most of the transition pieces in place, getting positive feedback about some ideas I have for right livelihood moving forward, the universe spoke to me. I'd had a few particularly stressful days and, after finding out my two back teeth (that were ruined when dentists put a gold crown over a mercury filling creating, essentially, battery acid) need expensive root canals, I guess my body reacted to the accumulated stress and my left eye blew out. I noticed a black veil beginning to reduce my vision, and went immediately to the optometrist.

My left eye had been going through a posterior vitreous detachment, I recognized the white flashes of light as symptoms because that happened to my right eye a couple of years ago. It's not uncommon, especially for near-sighted folk, and is often harmless. But the black curtain is a sign that the detaching vitreous gel is taking the retina along with it. The optometrist sent me immediately to an ophthalmologist who corroborated the diagnosis, then told me to go home and wait for a phone call from another specialist - a surgeon. More stress! Sean was in town that day from Vancouver for the *Street Newz*'s 10th birthday party, thankfully he's an easy going guy who just went with the flow and, thanks to wonderful and supportive friends, the party was gonna happen regardless of whether or not I'd be there.

I saw Dr. Erasmus at 5 pm on April

1st, got to the party for 6:30, and was at the Jubilee Hospital the next morning for an 8:15 am procedure. We'd caught the detachment early enough, and because my eyeball and I are in such good health otherwise, I was eligible for a clinical procedure called Pneumatic Retinopexy. As the post-operative freezing wore off I moved through the excruciating pain, to the general discomfort, and then began 4-5 weeks of trying to see through the annoyingly persistent (but sight saving) gas bubble. I realized my decision to retire the *Street Newz* was timely.

Staring at a computer for 8-10 hours a day has perhaps taken its toll, though Dr. E. assured me retinal detachment is not uncommon in near sighted individuals. Genetic predisposition, there's nothing we can do to change that.

Every experience is an opportunity to learn, and what I learned is that Canada's Great Health Care System, as much as it needs improvement (to encourage and reward preventive health care rather than just (sometimes) being there for us when we fall apart), is something to be very thankful for. In Canada, eye specialists are paid from the collective to make sure every individual has access to surgery to help them see. That's the good news. On the down side, as I learned from an elder friend who's had various eye surgeries over the years and is now nearly blind, the system doesn't care so much if we happen to lose our eyesight. The CNIB (Canadian National Institute for the Blind) receives no money from provincial or federal health authorities, you're not eligible for provincial disability payments unless you're declared legally blind, and we all know the state of affordable supportive housing in the region. Heaven help you if you need a caregiver, the going rate for private care is \$30/hour through an agency. VIHA will provide caregivers if you're eligible, but there's no guarantee you'll see the same person twice. Imagine a nearly blind person having to orientate a different caregiver every day!

And "the system" doesn't care so much about whether we can eat. My eye is healing and my eyesight is returning, I'm extremely grateful to Dr. Erasmus and "the system" for that, but I've still got the dental mess that is in no way covered by health care. Dentists are still taught it's okay to put mercury in peoples' mouths, even though evidence is mounting about the damaging health effects. If you were to dump mercury into any water supply you'd be arrested but it's okay, even encouraged, to put it in people's heads.?! Would our teeth begin to rot from the inside, requiring root canals, if they didn't have mercury in them? Would my eyes be in better health if they weren't in such proximity to the dangerous metal's off-gassing?

Rather than blow a gasket thinking about all of this, I returned to the *Cosmos*. What an incredible, beautifully horrible species has evolved on this planet. In the great calendar of the known space/time continuum we have only been in existence for a few short hours. We're capable of such greatness, and equally profound nastiness. We're a species of artists and musicians and philosophers and scientists who've discovered incredible ways to heal and sustain life. As Neil deGrasse Tyson explains, we've evolved a brain and body that allows us to explore our own reality, to discover the truths of our relationship to the rest of the universe. How is it that some are capable of such selfishness, cruelty, and greed? Our short time on this magnificent little blue planet is so precious, narcissism seems an odd way to spend it.

The past decade has been a wonderful opportunity to explore the possibilities of independent media production (thanks, Dad!). I hope you'll all embrace the evolution of street news, and

welcome Sean and the *Megaphone* team into our community.

Janine is experiencing every emotional imaginable and recommends everyone watch the *Cosmos* series available online at www.cosmosontv.com. Thanks to all of you for your support these many years.

Photo: Ted Bandcroft at the Clayoquot Action Camp, 1993.



Another Look at BC Ferries

by Kevin Henry

They stole our canoes and killed off our cultures and made us Indians solely dependent on their white systems and white structures of travel. We are sovereign peoples and now held captive; told to get on lands reserved especially for us from a law that is not our own to begin with. White society then forced us into the enslavement of the ferry service industry. The ferry service anywhere on this island has squandered and exploited our Native ancestor's methods of travel all in the name of capitalism. Consumerism plays a tricky hand here, if I need to wander off the island and head for the mainland, or head for my territory, the "Big Canoe" is my only viable option.

The area of the island that concerns me most in terms of ferry service is so-called "Kuper/Thetis" Islands. I may not live on Pune'laxutth' Territory. I was not given that honour to do so. Colonization has brought many things and damaged many peoples. The matter of "Kuper Island" remains a touchy and albeit difficult topic for me to extend on. Thousands of kids were brought into conformity by white culture, bringing with them an altercation of a sacred collective mind, places of Indian peoples thriving pre-dating colonial law. I carry some historical references, many of which include the Kuper Island Indian Residential School and the rightful placement and village of my peoples. The sight of the Chemainus sawmill is the original sight of the Pune'lauxutth village that was destroyed at the hand of a modified British and post-colonial law: "You are the Heathen and these are the Godless lands, hence forth, you are both now ours and considered the dependants under the Crown of the Queen of England."

I still ask myself, "What does ferry service mean to the Native islanders along this coast?" I theorize how a canoe may help us in these demanding methods of who drives the most sustainable what. Ferry service is a unique concept, many places and many in-landers have never experienced travel via a giant 6 ton monster

comprised of metal, teeth and a belly we park in. We await and travel along the sea in a new age method to get somewhere, anywhere really. The BC Ferry Corporation has claimed ownership along a body of water my Indian ancestors once traveled by way of a wooden and dugout canoe; with some paddles and tough pullers, the oceans mass was literally our road way to get to that somewhere and land anywhere. Protocol is a vital role and plays an important part to both the olden and modern day Coastal Salish customs. Suddenly, without that protocol, and one met with a language barrier, the British sails hit the shores and my Ancestors did not realize the dangers ahead of us: big box stores, mediocre health coverage, racism, stigmatism, stereotypes, language removal, cultural genocide and mass ecocide.

I cannot speak in a white age, a foggy drive along a highway in a comatose state where I must stay and am left to be speechless for no one person wishes to hear my screams: To hear the screams of many suffering, an Indian day survived to be merely torn down in what feels only like minutes, in the days when the white race conquered, the light dimmed on the lands forever. Due to our Indian and now colonial ties, I find myself taking desperate measures in the way I write, approaching a barrier and saying sentences like "white privilege and white snobbery is real" in a rather unique way for my writing styles. Moreover, I find these times of mine to be more of Indian methods of saying "fuck you, I'm going this way," and I am finding out how the ideals of white ownership to be a bit of a "cluster fuck" that we Native peoples are (to the untrained eye) otherwise, in a white legitimacy and censorship age, unwilling or unable to take back our ancestors Native lands and regrow the Indian villages that predated the BC Ferry Corporation and their colonial laws.

I purpose to you-you being the reader, may come to see this (this being my life and my developing writing

career) as radical approaches to a different take on anarchy-anarchy is what this is defined as for many: disobeying the law, and ruling without governments; even this is incorrect for me and is more of a description to be a system "without a ruler.. I seek a leader, which is a colonial Chief's job, a Hereditary Chief acknowledges this as truth, and I pray for that much. Without the ferries, where will we all be? Swimming to the islands? Jumping in and hoping for the best? Shall we all start taking off in canoes and kayaks like the Indians of lore? I understand that bringing down a tree in ceremony and carving out a canoe, for me at least, is impossible for the knowledge is passed on through a family that was severed from each other.

I am asking that we expand our minds and collectively, creatively, to work against BC Ferries in a unique way. Make the world listen to the corruption and draw out the government, then they will have no choice but to stop the expansion of the pipelines, tanker traffic and tar sands extraction. You read that right; I fucking said that, just like many are saying this to be truth. I believe this truth, as do others, having theorized, the reason BC Ferries has done this is they have simply been bought out from industry by the very dirty sands filled with oil we are all filling our gas tanks with. Even still, the islands and territories have been sickly strewn, left floating in an ocean of ruins, in the name of progress for the industrialized civility we find ourselves in.

I wish to add that our biggest political prisoner, a lady no one wishes to acknowledge, is the colonial possession of Mother Earth's natural resources. Holy places where our Indigenous Ancestors built, created, and kept clean and sustainable for over a span of tens of thousands of years predating white law, white culture, and white practices: a societal pressure thought up to destroy, to alter, and to maim the Indian population and their Heathenistic insight to stay the lands as Creator made them, as Mother Earth kept them and as we travelled sustainably, white dominion found a way to turn canoes and kayaks into sport and for profit.

So I ask you, who is really in control?

VICTORIA'S STREET PAPER IS ABOUT TO GET A MEGAPHONE

Starting in June, Victoria's street paper vendors will be selling Megaphone, a magazine that will be sold on the streets of Victoria and Vancouver.

Vendors will buy each issue for 75 cents and sell it to customers for \$2.

Megaphone is a bi-weekly magazine that features award-winning journalism and powerful, personal and provocative writing about Victoria, Vancouver, and British Columbia.

Starting in June, support your Victoria vendor by buying a copy of Megaphone magazine for \$2 every 2 weeks.

For more information, visit MegaphoneMagazine.com

◀) MEGAPHONE



Food Forest Gardening

by Fireweed

Throughout wetlands and along stream banks here in the Pacific Northwest, a large yellow flower is currently holding court. Even the leaves of the majestic skunk cabbage are bigger than anything you'd expect to find outside of a tropical rainforest! Its showy presence has affirmed the return of spring in this region for millennia.

Daffodils and lambs are also considered synonymous with the month of April on the island where I live, but these additions to the rural landscape are still relatively new. Daffodils originated in parts of Europe and Africa. Sheep, too, arrived with the first Europeans to settle here. That happened only about 140 years ago - at least 5,000 years after the Coast Salish people are known to have first visited these shores in search of food.

Skunk cabbage isn't good for eating, but its waxy leaves are ideal for drying berries. According to ethnobotanist Dr. Nancy Turner, approximately 100 species of plant foods were once harvested by the First Nations inhabitants of coastal British Columbia. For various reasons, the majority are no longer in use. Including fruits, greens, inner bark, beverages and root vegetables, these traditional foods have been among the most hugely impacted by colonization.

Only a century ago in Kingcome Inlet, for example, Tsawataineuk women were still cultivating root gardens of silverbank clover, Pacific silverweed, northern riceroor and Nootka lupine, when a man named McKay decided to fence off the land and deny any further access. Also reported (in 1914) by Hereditary Chief Cesaholis to the Royal Commission on Indian Affairs for the Province of BC, Pacific crab apple trees that had provided another source of food well-suited for over-winter storage were cut down by settlers. Additional elimination of traditional root-digging grounds came about through the introduction of imported livestock.

"...and then the animals of the whiteman, such as the pigs and cattle would come and eat it off, and then my forefathers and the women got tired and gave it up when they saw their food was destroyed by the cattle..." (Cesaholis 1914)

One hundred years later, the US-based Centre for Biological Diversity has just unveiled a brand new project called *Take Extinction Off Your Plate*. It highlights the fact that animal agriculture has become one of the main drivers of environmental destruction world-wide and calls for an immediate reduction in flesh consumption. Substituting dairy or eggs for meat is discouraged, and so is simply switching to "grass-fed" beef. Studies have shown that grass-fed cattle are responsible for far more greenhouse gas emissions than grain-fed animals - as much as 500 percent more. With over seven billion people on the planet and counting, meat production has already tripled over the last 30 years alone and could double again by 2020. The Centre for Biological Diversity's message is urgent: "there are too many people eating too much meat for any form of meat production to be considered sustainable."

Commonly referred to as the lungs of the earth, the Amazon Rainforest continues to disappear at an alarming rate (the cleared land there is used mostly for cattle ranching and crop cultivation - including soy for animal feed.) But over half of Vancouver Island's old-growth is now gone as well, and even the BC government admits that our forests have been emitting rather than storing carbon for the last ten years. Proposed changes to BC's Agricultural Land Reserve could further reduce biological diversity and exacerbate global warming by opening the door to even more potential oil and gas development.

Today's locavore movement must begin to take a far greater interest in ensuring future food security through transitioning away from animal-based farming towards better use of existing arable land - for the growing of crops intended to feed people directly. On top of being more climate-friendly, a plant-oriented diet uses five to seven times less land than an omnivorous one, and also saves nearly 600 gallons of water per day in comparison. Examples of successful stock-free growing operations that likewise conserve these valuable resources are finally beginning to gain mainstream recognition.

According to Aviram Rozin, founder of Sadhana Forest, water conservation and reforestation are the main ecological issues of the 21st century. Global warming poses a particularly huge threat to food security in India, for example, where over 1.2 billion people are at the mercy of increasingly severe droughts and monsoon flooding. Over the past ten years Sadhana Forest India has attracted thousands of volunteers from around the world to help heal 70 acres of severely degraded land in southern India the stock-free way. They have focused



on bringing back a tropical dry evergreen forest from the brink of extinction by planting 29,000 indigenous trees, and implementing water retention methods that have increased the local aquifer by 20 feet! "Greening the planet from the grassroots," the aim of Sadhana Forest projects (now expanded into Haiti and Kenya) is to "introduce a growing number of people to sustainable living, food security through ecological transformation, wasteland reclamation, and veganism."

Food forests were actually an ancient means of securing sustenance in the tropics (along with fibre, tools and more), that we might think of today as "Gardens of Eden." Designed to mimic self-sustaining, multi-storied indigenous ecosystems, they are abundant in edible plant growth from the ground up through at least seven layers into the canopies of mature fruit or nut-bearing trees. In the 1960's, food forestry principles were adapted to Britain's temperate climate by the late master gardener Robert Hart, a longtime vegan pioneer in the UK. An exciting North American example is the seven acre Beacon Food Forest just south of the Canadian/Washington State border. Free public foraging of healthy food is available on the honour system to the surrounding Seattle community. Abundant living in the coming age of the tree* is indeed here for the planting!

Stinging nettles are a wild local edible in the Cascadian bioregion. They make excellent fertilizer for the garden, can be dried as an iron-rich medicinal tea, and even spun into twine. Alongside skunk cabbage and salmonberry blossoms they are another harbinger of spring in my local watershed that will hopefully be here forever. They also happen to make awesome spanakopita!

Fireweed's Nettle Spanakopita (makes approximately 6 servings)

Ingredients:

1/2 cup (at least) lightly steamed stinging nettles (pick only the top tender leaves to avoid stalks...or alternatively use fresh or thawed frozen spinach, since you do need to pick lots of nettles)
1 block (16 ounces) organic medium tofu (squeeze out water and crumble into bowl)
1/3 cup nutritional yeast (available at Edible Island)
2 Tablespoons dark or light miso (add more to taste)
1 clove garlic, crushed and finely minced
1/8 cup caramelized onion (sauteed over low heat in a little organic olive oil)
sea salt and ground black pepper to taste
1 Tablespoon pine nuts (optional)
6 sheets of organic whole wheat phyllo pastry

Directions:

Combine crumbled tofu with nutritional yeast, miso and garlic really well by hand or lightly pulse together in food processor. Remove and fold in remaining ingredients (except nettles and pastry sheets!) Season to taste. Press liquid out of cooled, steamed nettles, chop fine, and evenly distribute into tofu filling. Brush your first sheet of phyllo lightly with a little olive oil and fold it in half lengthwise. Brush again, and spread 1/3 cup mixture across one end. Flatten a little so you make a rectangle of sorts. Brush exposed edges of the phyllo and tuck in as you fold/roll up the filling, continuing to lightly brush each layer until complete. Repeat with each sheet until you're out of filling. Place your spanakopita gently on a non-stick cookie sheet or lightly-oiled alternative surface and bake at 375 F for 12-15 minutes or until barely golden brown (you could turn up to 425 F for a few more minutes to help with browning.) Cool on cookie racks. Reheat before serving. Bon appetit!

Fireweed practices veganic growing on Denman Island and blogs at The Transition Kitchen (thetransitionkitchen.blogspot.ca).

** "Abundant Living in the Coming Age of the Tree" was an ecological treatise published in England in 1991 by veganic pioneer Kathleen Jannaway (www.mclveganway.org.uk/kathleen_jannaway.html).*

Envirowatch:

The Struggle to Save What's Left of Our Wilderness Heritage

by Don Startin

Good news: There was a massive run of oolichans on the Skeena this year. In many other estuaries the oolichan spawning beds have been destroyed by dredging and dock construction. The "improvements" at Kitimat destroyed B.C.'s most productive run. Also, our MP, Murray Rankin held a conference at Victoria High School to discuss ways to stop the Enbridge Gateway Project. The Dogwood Initiative speaker explained that they are organizing a Citizens' Initiative to annul any approval of the bitumen pipeline that the province may rubber stamp. This will be similar to Billy Vanderzalm's successful effort to get rid of the iniquitous HST. The Environmental Law folk are in the process of taking action in Federal Court to have the findings of the joint panel that approved the pipeline set aside, and when the hat was passed around the fine folks attending the meeting raised \$362 for our very own Forest Action Committee who, as we know, have been helping the Unis'tot'en to block the pipeline for two summers now, and have built their bunkhouse slap dab where Enbridge think the bitumen pipe will run.

Readers wishing to resist the Enbridge Frankenpipe, or the Arctos Anthracite Atrocity up in the Sacred Headwaters, can register with Zoe Blunt at zoe@wildcoast.ca, or you might care to help out at the Dogwood Initiative - register with kia@dogwoodinitiative.org.

If you have connections in the Skeena Watershed be advised that a fracking outfit has shown up on the banks of the river doing exploratory work. Their CEO, Shannon, says they too may need boots on the ground to stave off that threat. Email shannon@skeenawatershed.com and ask to be put on their mailing list.

On the 31st of March Anita McPhee, the President of the Tahltan Central Council, gave a lecture at UVic. I went and am glad to report that the

Envirowatch continued ...

Sacred Headwaters appear to be in capable hands. Anita is a graduate of the law school and appears to be a well organized and articulate politician most capable of dealing with the ongoing assault of mining companies on Tahltan territory. I was fortunate enough to have brought with me some back issues of *Street Newz* in envelopes to give to Anita to take to Klabona with her, and was able to present them as a little present from us to them. Rose tells me that when going to any First Nations gathering one should try and take a little something to present to the head person there. Thank you Rose. Our paper even got a round of applause!

The Tahltan have set up a board called the Tahltan Heritage Resource Environmental Assessment Team [THREAT] who monitor all requests, which come in at 250 a year, and many of which have an unrealistic timeline. Many of the members have degrees in the area of their expertise. Together with the Tahltan Development Corporation they are insisting on training and managerial jobs at the mines, thus the glass ceiling will be broken and in the future Tahltans will run all their development, at their speed.

I gathered that all parts of the Tahltan government and their NGOs are getting along well together which augers well for the immediate future because Fortune Minerals under their dogged CEO, Robin Goad, are bound and determined to press on with site reconnaissance at the Arctos Anthracite Site. Their efforts to canvass the Tahltan people have been met with a prohibition on setting foot on the Tahltan Reserves. However when I phoned them they could not tell me when their field work teams will be arrive in the Klappan this summer, but they're coming. I understand that Camp Beauty will start up in July. If you are interested you can check their website at www.tahltan.org for updates.

So at deadline we wait. By the time you get this all kinds of interesting events may have happened. Have your rucksack packed and ready to go.

Don Startin is an activist and gardener, an ex-military man who currently lives a life of simplicity with his wife in Victoria, B.C.

A Satiric Romp in the Land of Lies and Illusions

by Gordon Pollard

In his novel, *The United States of Air*, Victoria-based author J. M. Porup takes readers on a dark but highly entertaining satiric romp as he describes the latest misadventures of our bizarre but fascinating neighbor to the south – which has been renamed by its “visionary” new leader, the Prophet Jones, who is determined to free the entire world from “the tyranny of food.”

Our guide for this weird odyssey is Special Agent Jason Frolick of the ATFF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Food), who is a true believer in the Prophet’s message that the only way humanity can possibly survive and prosper is by switching from eating food to a diet based exclusively on the consumption of air. Frolick has made it his mission in life to track down evil “food terrorists” who are trying to undermine the Prophet’s vision.

The leaders of this War on Fat seem to bear a remarkable resemblance to certain prominent figures who have spearheaded other “noble” American government crusades in recent history such as the War on Terror and the War on Drugs. And, as the old joke about those famous disclaimers in radio and early TV dramas went, any similarities between the fictitious characters in this story and real people living or dead are purely intentional.

For example, readers will immediately feel a sense of déjà vu when the Prophet Jones declares that the War on Fat can succeed only if all citizens show a total blind faith in his leadership. No doubts or questions can ever be permitted. You are either with him or against him. Where have we heard that before?

And what happens to wicked “food terrorists” at home and abroad when they defy the Prophet and continue consuming “addictive caloric substances”? They are rounded up and sent to the dreaded Fat Camp where draconian measures are taken to make sure they shape up, literally and figuratively. Doesn’t this also seem a bit familiar?

The author shows great imaginative skills by weaving into his story many bizarre but unforgettable images. For example, the strength of Agent Frolick’s commitment to the Prophet’s food-free philosophy is constantly being tested by the unlikeliest of tormentors: swarms of “suicidal flying twinkie rapists”.

And the novel is also full of hilariously ingenious details. For example, Frolick and other officers enforcing the anti-food-eating law are armed, not with conventional guns, but with “laxifiers”, which enable them to quickly get the full poop, so to speak, about what suspects have been consuming.

Porup has succeeded in producing a biting funny and effective piece of satire about life in the United States – which is a great challenge for writers these days

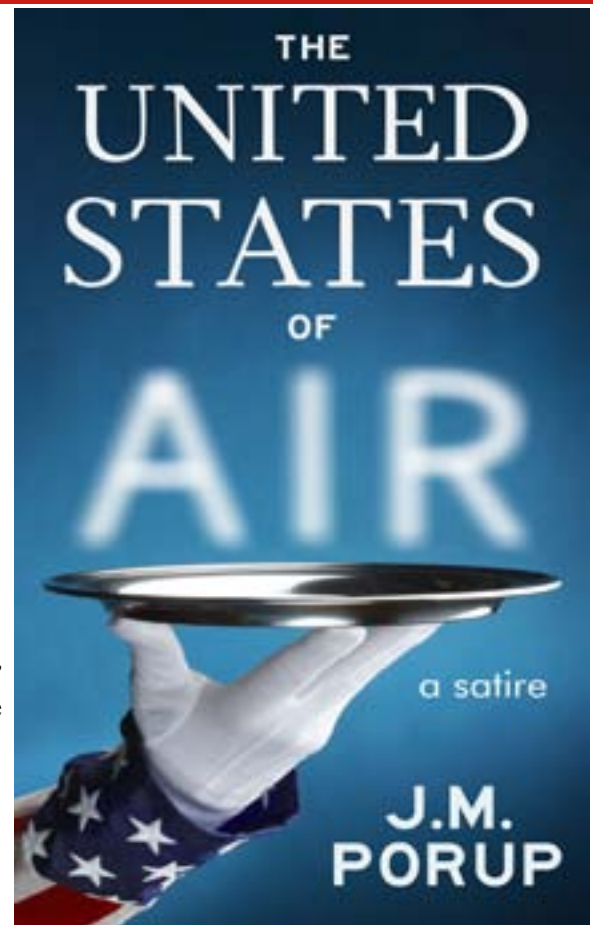
This isn’t, God knows, because there is any shortage of evil and asinine political figures and others in the U.S. who richly deserve to be mocked and pilloried. It is because the country has now become, very sadly, such a land of lies and illusions, of flim-flam and fantasy, that it is difficult to conceive of anything so outrageous that it couldn’t be mistaken for reality in today’s America.

This is, after all, the country whose commandos killed a “terrorist leader” who had already been dead for ten years, where skyscrapers in New York City collapse in ways that defy the laws of physics, where a president was shot with a “magic bullet” that gyrated through the air like a Cirque du Soleil acrobat, and where its most famous civil rights leader was killed with a rifle that was “discovered” at the murder scene before the crime had even been committed.

Author J. M. Porup describes himself as “an American by birth, an Australian by choice, a Colombian by marriage and a Canadian by accident” and he dedicates this novel, obviously with bitter irony, to “the fools who still believe”.

While those sad and shockingly numerous “fools” won’t welcome Porup’s novel, many others who understand what is actually happening in the United States certainly will enjoy this book and will appreciate all of its ironic twists and turns.

So give yourself a treat and join Agent Jason Frolick, SS (Skinny Service) Agent Erpent, Medical Examiner Hot ‘N’ Juicy and all of the hapless gang of “Airitarians” as they stumble from crisis to crisis trying to enforce the Prophet’s vision of a food-free society.



Learn about the latest technological advances being deployed all over the globe in the War on Fat. As one official proudly explains: “We are able to gather data on billions of people around the world ... I got Tokyo sushi poo, I got Paris bistro merde, I got Moscow borscht crap -- I got it all.” But will this sophisticated system of snooping on pooping be enough to save the Food-Free World?

Read all about the history and inner workings of the NSA -- no, not that NSA! -- this NSA is the National Sewer Agency, which is responsible for sniffing out, as it were, “food terrorists” by analyzing samples of poo from sewers around the world as well as examining photos from surveillance cameras planted by NSA sleuths in toilets all over the planet. See whether this agency really deserves the “many bazillion gazillion dollars” spent on it each year.

Meet the Strangelovian director of the NSA, a 25-star general who must always be addressed as “Sir Sir Sir Sir Sir”, and find out whether he is able to achieve the lofty goal he has set for the agency: “Our goal is to know who’s pooing, where they poo, what it’s shaped like, what it smells like, what it consists of. Only then can we finally smash food terrorism once and for all.”

Discover which of the government’s fat-fighting strategies are so critically important that they are labelled Tip Top Tippity Top Golden Poo In A Bidet Secret while others are merely Tip Top Super Double Dip Hot Fudge Sundae with A Cherry On Top Secret.

Meet the slovenly but brilliant plumber who has a PhD from MITT (the Massachusetts Institute of Toilet Technology) and who is reputed to be “smarter than Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking put together.”

Find out whether Agent Frolick and his bumbling colleagues succeed in capturing the Godfather of Food, Fatso, head of the notorious French Food Mafia. See whether they are able to solve the mystery of how a dastardly foreign spy masquerading as a pizza-seller was murdered in Washington in a park right across the street from the White -- er, pardon me, the Thin House.

And, most importantly, discover what dramatic surprise shocks Agent Frolick to the marrow and shakes his faith so greatly that he questions whether he will ever be able to eat air again.

Copies of *The United States of Air* can be purchased at most local bookstores and information about other books written by J. M. Porup can be found online at www.JMPorup.com.

Gordon Pollard is a native of Victoria, has a MA in History from Columbia University in New York City and a BA in History and English from the University of Victoria. After working for 10 years as a journalist in B.C., Alberta, and Ontario, Gordon spent 20 years teaching English and History in Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Zimbabwe and Sri Lanka.

Another Valley Lost

by Jim Erkiletian

On Thursday, April 3, I was privileged to be present for one of the more interesting criminal proceeding in the Nanaimo courthouse. As I've noted in previous articles, justice can be perverted and circumvented by our court system, especially with respect to injunctions requested by corporations and governments ramming through unpopular developments.

Back in October, 2013 some of the people opposed to a 350-lot subdivision being inserted into one of the last coastal Douglas fir biogeoclimatic zones, inserted ourselves into the operation. We'd expected only to have a photo op for the media to express our concerns. When the 'owner' became physically abusive to one of the demonstrators, the workers decided to honour our picket line, resulting in the owner preferring charges against us, singling out former realtor and sometimes political candidate Brunie Brunie.

The developer had her charged with interference, asked the court to award court costs and money to cover his losses at the stopped work, and an injunction to find people guilty of contempt of court who interfere with his future clearcutting. The latter charge effectively does away with rights recognized as far back as the Magna Carta in 1215, the right to presumed innocence. With the contempt charge, a court is allowed to presume guilt, overriding all other considerations.

Brunie could have fought the charges, because they were wrong on several counts (dates and times, as well as actual events described on the charge sheet, were simply wrong). Various lawyers and liberals advised her to do so. But she decided on a much more daring and risky course. She counter-sued the developer and asked the court for an injunction against him.

Besides risking having to pay court costs and fines and do jail time, this meant spending many hours in the law library learning how to present her argument in court. Not surprisingly, no lawyers would consider the case without a fee.

Brunie based her case on three main legal points.

The developer's lawyer had told the court there was no general opposition to the project. Brunie presented a petition gathered by the Linley Valley Preservation Society (LVPS), signed by over 6000 residents of Nanaimo, refuting that claim.

Secondly, the developer claimed they had done all the environmental studies necessary to show there was no harm to the ecosystem from inserting 350 fiberboard houses.

Brunie, noting the developer's study had taken

less than a week, provided a study commissioned by the LVPS through the Duncan-based Ursus Environmental Consulting. Their baseline bioinventory assessment studied the valley for over six months. They recorded at least four red-listed bird and plant species and a couple of blue-listed. The report also notes that the coastal Douglas fir biogeoclimatic system itself, because of extensive logging, is endangered. Ninety-eight per cent of it is gone.



None of these issues were considered in the developer's required study.

The third argument was on the issue of trespass. As a descendent of Haida and Coastal Salish peoples, Brunie declared her right to enter her ancestral land. And that under the law, if a greater wrong is being committed she was within her rights to interfere with destruction of habitat. Her main point was there was never any consultation with the First Nations, two of which, the Sny-ny-meux and the Sna-na-was, have used the area traditionally. This consultation is required in the BC Environmental Assessment Act as well as in British and Canadian law.

After the judge listened to the developer's lawyer explain for an hour and twenty minutes why he considered these arguments irrelevant, Brunie was allowed to speak. She attempted to give the judge her legal brief which she had prepared that explained these points, but he refused to accept them because he said he already had enough information from the developer's lawyer (to render a judgment?).

About ten minutes into her presentation, the judge interrupted Brunie in mid-sentence to explain he didn't need to hear any more, as he would not be granting her an injunction. He'd made up his mind so there was no reason to continue.

Brunie was able to argue that she at least had the right to present another few minutes of testimony, but the

obviously bored judge made no attempt to question her further. Perhaps the six of us in the gallery with Brunie's posters made him hesitate.

The judge didn't jail her or order her to pay court costs. But as is usual in cases of contempt-of-court injunctions, only corporations or governments need apply.

Jim Erkiletian is an activist and writer living in Nanaimo with his partner Janette. Together they form the Owl and the Pussycat duo. Photos from Save the Linley Valley Facebook page.

Ministry of Misery

by cyann ray

It was never my plan to live a life of poverty, largely dependent on our horrific welfare system. I left high school and worked for nearly 10 years at minimum wage, assorted jobs. Nothing that contributes to financial stability or a healthy retirement plan. Then I became a mother.

Motherhood is the lowest paid, highest responsibility job on the planet. Tired of having to tend to my needy mate, despite his adequate, by-weekly pay cheque at my disposal, I chose to raise my child alone. I wanted my energy and focus to be on her. I became a sad statistic: a single mom.

I'm grateful that I was thru the system before they mandated moms back to work after just 2 years. How dare the government force this separation of mother and child. I dare say this maternal neglect and early onset upheaval is directly linked to so many of the 20's and 30's crowd struggling in various ways (from addictions and crime to still living at home being supported by their parents). I don't mean to brag, but my kid turned out perfectly, despite the "sad stat"!

When my health began to fail I became eligible for a provincial "disability" pension. Rather young to leave the workforce (just 39), I made the choice to preserve what physical capacity I had left and keep it for myself rather than selling it for a minimum wage.

While the "Disability Office" hasn't moved, it has surely transformed over the past 15 years. The official name of the department has changed numerous times ... ministry of this ... ministry of that. Most recently its title includes "social enhancement"! Each change requires new letterhead and other useless, government wastage. We all have just known it as the disability office.

Unlike my initial visit up to Vernon Street, when I was treated like a human being whose body was falling apart; a disabled person who could no longer participate in the workforce and still needed a place to live and food to eat, clients now are treated like lazy, conniving criminals. They are treated with general contempt. A security guard now stands watch as each needy soul enters and fills the waiting room.

I moved recently and, as required, I made this notation on my monthly "stub". I wrapped the stub with a 10 page rental agreement, proof of residency and rent receipts. I was trying to be efficient and co-operative by providing this paperwork before they asked for it. Shortly after I mailed this, I received a phone message from the ministry. Apparently I had forgotten to fill out a few things on my stub. And they wanted rent receipts, proof a residency and a copy of my rental agreement.

I returned their call and told them they already had all the paperwork they were asking for. I was told they did not. Regardless, I had to come into the office to complete my stub. I was advised to bring copies of the paperwork they required. Since I don't have my landlord or a photocopier in my back pocket, and since, out of principle alone, I was resistant to providing duplicates of paperwork they misplaced, I biked up to the office with nothing but my I.D. and my truth.

I arrived having to join a line-up of about 20 people and a wait of about 30 minutes, followed by an hour wait once inside. I knew from previous visits to this place that complaints are not allowed. I once had a worker put down her pen mid sentence and threatened not to serve me when I dared comment on the lack of competency within the ministry. We are not allowed to become upset or show our frustration. We must put up and shut up. Basically, we must accept the bullshit and run-arounds or we'll be denied the help the ministry is paid to provide us.

As I completed my stub in front of the worker, I explained that the paperwork she wanted was already somewhere in this office. She said it was not, essentially calling me a liar. I suggested she get up and go look for it, or find somebody who may know where it went. Reluctantly, she lifted herself from her chair and strolled to another part of the office. "No ... we don't have it," she claimed upon returning. "Yes ... yes you do," I insisted. I continued filling out my stub when I noticed something : my new, unlisted phone number was not on my stub. It had only been written on the paperwork the stub was wrapped in. So here was proof that I wasn't a liar.

"Look here," I pointed out to the worker. "My new, unlisted number is not on my stub so the only way your office could have called me to tell me that I needed to provide proof of residency and rent receipts was if they were actually holding said paperwork in their hands at the time they called me!" Unmoved, the worker kept to her story that I needed to provide the paperwork or my cheque would be delayed. "But...but...".

I suppose my biggest complaint here is this: that a normal response to my situation would have been "Oh...I'm sorry. I can't seem to find the paperwork you submitted. Please give us a week to locate it and if we still can't find it, would you mind making copies and re-submitting them?" To me it just makes more sense to act like a decent human being rather than assuming that I am a liar. After all ... clients at the disability office are not only impoverished, they suffer from poor health as well. And considering this ministry gets paid to help us, is it asking too much to be treated with a little consideration and respect?

Ask Hothead

We had that big drug users gathering, and then it's same old same old, back to survive, deaths, arrests, sickness ... rig dig team gone ... we are spread out like fuck, I don't know ... it's depressing as hell ... I don't know man?

hothead: I hear ya.

How are we supposed to be "building community" when we are run around by police, we're trying to eat and just survive?

hothead: Share and watch each others back.

There are no homes! Why do they punish people for making our own? (This was in regards to folks who are camping outside.)

hothead: Because of the colonial divide and rule system we are all skkkooled in, taught in, raised in, policed in, all of us.

We're always dealing with so many new faces, and it's hard to pass on old school when folks are red zoned constantly, its fucking nuts.

hothead: You're right. We need: a supported VICDUU, a safe consumption site, health care for all, homes for all, CopWatch and it seems the only ones gonna lead ourselves out of oppressive colonial state is us. Old skool buddy systems; help each other, communicate re: power and equity best we can, our voice will grow as we unite.

Why aren't more housed people freaking out? It's all coming to them too, don't they know that? How are we supposed to live or pay rent on what we all get, we can't get help unless our files are taken over? And eat at Our Place with the cops? WTF?

hothead: Privileges handed out by corporate and government interests keep us separate and enslaved to oppressive system, vicious cycle only we can stop.

Why can't people understand that there are many what do you call it? Mixed race people? Lots of those relationships and families ... we are fucked everywhere we go, we have that in common, we form families.

hothead: Colonial Imperialism is taught in skools to all of us. It breeds ignorance, hatred and is taught thru media and schools. Stigmas are reinforced daily, it's a constant battle and our only ammunition is educating ourselves with De-Colonisation and Anti-Oppression training.

Why would we (highly drug involved) get interviewed (for Belfry homeless project)? Why bother? People don't want to know why we are in and out of jail? They don't want to know why folks steal shit. Why do you think we weren't there at opening night? No rest for the wicked eh?

hothead: You answered your own question.

Ah, you're full of shit, do you really believe this is gonna make a difference? These people don't care, look at them? Why bother? Been there, done that, what difference did it make? (in response to my inviting them up to another ctehv meeting)

hothead: Even though it can feel hopeless, it is not, two lies colonialism teaches and reinforces: that we cannot make a difference, and we can only hope. We have and still can make a difference, we just need community. Kapitalism taught us to expect immediate results: this is a lie. We move forward, we are emotionally a mess and

we need to know it's better that we work and struggle for change than suffer under enslavement to greed. We can at least work for our children's futures, even if we ourselves cannot experience it now.



Prisoners Justice Day outside Our Place: Where were you when I was inside eh? Where are you people when we are inside, who the fuck are you? You ever do time? You people don't give a shit, fuck off! (I stood and listened, Silly stepped in and helped deal with a righteously angry brother.) Who is a political prisoner?

hothead: I invited a local Leonard Peltier advocate to PJD, when he got up to speak, a group of five or six old skool first nations folks I hecka respect walked away, gave us every non verbal communication stating loudly "fuck you." I would learn that many first nations who are punished by the colonial state daily, within their own occupied territories, feel judged, notice who is NOT fighting for them, the judgment upon them as they are not seen as the political prisoners they are when in and out of jail due to criminalization of our first nations people's by the colonial occupying state!

Why are violent repeat sex offenders left to their own devices, ignored by kops? Why?

hothead: Divide and rule creates rat systems. Police are also directed to be busy with drug and alcohol involved cases, it's bad leadership basically. We need to Unite. We could unite to end unnecessary violence by holding power trippers accountable and get help to do so! We could. Some could go to pipeline defender camps and those who cannot stay in cities and demand housing and a guaranteed livable income now! We won't leave till demands are met, period.

I am 52, I have been in community living since sobriety in my early 20s. I can honestly say we are fckd. I have joined an active Social Housing Now BC Group: also joined a social justice spiritual community, the First Unitarian Universalist congregation. That is just how bad it truly is.

Our front line communities need help, need continuity. We are scattered like sand in a windstorm. We are either 9-5 workers who have a tight inner circle impenetrable by others and can be seen at meetings, protests, workshops and rallies and / or: others who are in this 24/7, learning thru desperation why unity is critical, honesty a must and healthy boundaries and allies to reinforce them necessary. Those of us who have no blood ties, no blood family close by and some no contact at all with blood family, you say make your own community. You just "help" and go away constantly. In older pagan and

first nations communities' folks were cared for or sent out, at least a decision was made, folks acknowledged.

We have many single moms who struggle and have to deal with restraining orders, colonial PATRIARCHAL BS basically, it breaks up communities when men are left and not held accountable while men go home and avoid, stay safe, not really an ally. We learn and move forward, that is what we do.

Folks are left behind all the time, many are disassociated so badly that, over time their social skills falter more and more as social space is so unhealthy. Where is the resistance to this avoidance of kkkonflicts? The solidarity we need to see is a slow train coming friends, but as each of us gets educated more and more around facts of the need of de-colonisation and an education about reality security culture and why we need our own, we grow and unite.

No continuity in sight except that which we offer. We have needed a Cop Watch for years and no plans in site. Most students and housed come and go and we are left standing in a community that has more funerals than I can express here. We are in a war zone 24/7 and there is no rest. Many like me have no stable housing for so long our emotional states are stressed over the max.

I succumbed to this vision to keep me going: I knew I would do more outreach as I got more disabled. That sadly is not the case. I envisioned living in a winterized camper home with a bike attachment of some sort for day-to-day outreach, as my daughter goes out into the world more, I will as well. I still have 8 years to find that healthy home on wheels, lots of time. I need a plan because neither the government nor general society has a plan. Nothing in site but cutting social housing, co-ops ending, community living under attack, farms under attack, Safe Consumption Sites under attack, ..., ..., !

As long as I have a dream and a vision I do not get lost in this systemic depression.

In ending:

Here and there is the middle class doing what they can for a future. Trying desperately to save air, water, trees and land, money, vacation time, education for children, get all the bills paid, the list goes on, they are one busy managerial group working away on behalf of colonial divide and rule class system while trying to end unhealthy system. The working class are also feeding into a system with little to no fight back when under attack by corporate and governmental destructive policies, carrots are dangled to each generation in order to keep destructive system going. This colonial attack affects us all generationally. Just look at Albert Gerow, Phil Fontaine and many other First Nations lining up with many ignorant non-natives for destructive jobs. They are all lost to arrogant greed, not listening to all of their people. In every community we must ask ourselves how are we fighting for what is important? How will we make a difference for poor and disenfranchised in all of our communities?

There is not much more for me to say. I have let friends and family know I am going to help stop the pipelines and support First Nations defenders. I would like a family focused course on defending pipelines and what to expect.

Prayers to all my ancestors and all my relations for strength and safety to all defenders their families and communities.

Squatter's peace.

Prisoner's rights: safety and freedom for all political prisoners including all drug and alcohol non-violent crimes.

Kym Hothead is a visitor on Lkwungen Territory, from Winnipeg Red River Cree Territory. Learn more about the Committee to End Homelessness Victoria at ctehv.wordpress.com.



An Activist's Elegy from a Coffee Lounge

In drafty garrets, mousy rooms,
In homeless tents and stately homes,
The writers write
For
Street Newz

From Apples, Dells, and IBMs
On paper scraps and wires thin
The message comes
To
Street Newz

Along the alleys deep in snow,
Or plagued with thirst in blazing sun
The vendors come to sit in doorways dank
Or corners scorched and sere
To sell
Street Newz

On foot on bike, in Rolls and Chev
By skate board, roller blade and bus
The world's best readers come
To buy
Street Newz

In cozy corners at the Leg,
In humble homes and on the street
In spacious condo, beery pub
And even at the Union Club
Folks are reading
Street Newz

But now as our dear paper dies
From Harris Green and Mustard Seed
From everywhere in words of yore we tend our
Thanks to a certain lady fair who
Slaved away to cut and paste
To blog and rant and to produce
A world class monthly
Our Janine

Across South Island's rolling hills
From ocean beach to forest rills
With sadness and a deep regret
All tinged with pride we'll ne'er forget
But remember
Street Newz

Avast dull mourning members of the team
Delisle Evelyn Rose and Ted, Trish Doug
Danny, Bernies two, Richard and Hothead Kym
With Matthew Reverend Al and Don with
Cyann Ray and faithful dog, and others
Too numerous to name, we'll all sweep on to
Victories new 'gainst Harper, Clark and
All thier ilk buoyed by the spirit
of
Street Newz

Don Startin

The Landmark

Scanning the South East Horizon
While boating, biking or walking on a clear day
I gaze upon the snow white peak of my favorite landmark
the roots of which, reach deep into the earth's molten mantle
the upwelling lava having flowed, and subsequently cooled,
in the process giving rise to that majestic mountain
known and visible from the Straight of Georgia, as Mt. Baker.
Would that this snow covered, dormant volcano
erupt again someday soon, that some of us, come what may
bear witness to the awesome power of its fiery display.

Carl Johnson

whose
head have
you got in
your hand
... be it the
queens,
lincolns,
maos on
those
grubby
pieces of
paper that
control all
lives, hold
on to it
tight if you
can 'cause
everyone's
out to take
some from
you ... all
those little
nest eggs,
retirement
plans wiped

out by a few good men in ivory towers juggling and manipulating numbers like it's nobody's business
... high praise indeed getting your head shot on a control mechanism which leads man on a merry
dance to bring it on home ... the endless push, shove, rush through our super cities for those pieces
of paper ... don't look back, don't stop because before you know it the controllers of those notes will
have you under economic house arrest.

photo: Stefano Leonardi, shot in Kwun Tong *written piece: T T Chan*

Photograph Of Hope

War is the thief who steals adolescents from weeping mothers'
arms. When and if they ever return from their sad sojourns across
battlefields of madness, they remain only recognizable to a few
previously experienced pipe-smoking fathers who ponder their
vacant thoughts in faded armchairs. Seeds no longer grow in
once fruitful wombs and weeping mothers' eyes no longer cry.
They are as dry as lost leaves in winter creek beds of the soul.
Yesterday's perfect, unscathed children, now wounded and
scarred from life's cruelties, are as bitter as the unwatered
geraniums, crippled in their cracked clay pots just outside the
door. The abandoned backyard swing hangs limp, lonesome, and
lifeless from a tree of forgotten memories, its broken seat angled
down to the ground it once flew proudly above to the
accompaniment of joyous trills of laughter. Daisies were plucked
with care, kisses were stolen, and life was a photograph of hope.

Stanley

Victoria Street Newz

Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

The Victoria Street Newz is putting down all the news
around and across town. Some of it could shake your
blues and this exclusive paper offers various instead of
biased views. You don't have to be a member of any
official capitalist obsequious order or butt kissing guild
to have your article or picture in the paper - unlike those
other city dailies.

Peace, Justice, anti-poverty crusaders, dignity,
humanity, love, peace and fairness to all walks of life
including our four-legged friends. Fighting off corporate
corruption and warlike disruption, raping and ripping of
the earth. And one day all nations equality and peoples'
mirth is the mission statement.

So if you want a paper that speaks to the heart and real
issues of the world, pick up a copy of the Victoria Street
Newz with its real views and news and funky poetry.
Happy Birthday Victoria Street Newz, you're hot off the
press and you ease the stress.

Mark Idczak

ghosts of the machine



A Cautionary Tale

PRIOR WARNING - SUBSEQUENT DILEMMA

He slumped over like an old sack of grain
too full to collapse
yet not full enough to sit upright

As I approached he raised his piteous visage
his mouth consuming the entire face
crying from the depths of his soul
in a voice at once ragged and strong

“DO NOT DO IT!

Never look back into the deep recesses of TIME.
The weight is massive
The cost is too great
Wait indefinitely

The Past is cast
beyond the Pale
It can extinguish the present
Erase the future
Swallow LIFE as it is
and yield up only a shadow of
life as it was
- a delusory specter -
which will lead into the depths of HELL

Dante reminds: ‘Abandon hope all who ENTER here.’

Harold choked on his own nostalgia
while sleeping and never awakened

Stella killed herself on the 19th
by pulling the past over her head
and tying it tightly about her neck.”

As I was about to ponder the old man's warning I
was struck by the dilemma he posed.
He and his message were now a mere memory.
He had quickly receded into that very PAST which I
must not revisit at any cost.

Chuck Sigmund

The amazing and awesome Street Newz Vendor Team



Bernie
Beacon Hill



Bernie
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Craig
London Drugs



Danny
Fort/Foul Bay



Debby
James Bay



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Rose



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Irish
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Thank you for supporting independent media. May money from the sale of this newspaper be used for peace, and pass through healing hands.

Where Your \$\$\$\$ Goes



Vendors pay 50 cents for each *Street Newz*.

Whatever you give them is theirs to keep.



	Feb	Mar	Apr
Street Newz Revenue			
Paper Sales (from previous mth)	234.50	195.00	178.50
Donations	170.00	0.00	95.00
Subscriptions	40.00	0.00	0.00
Gifts (incl in-kind)	40.00	40.00	200.00
Co-ordinator's Contribution	273.25	202.75	-14.00
Bread & Roses Donation to SNZ	800.00	800.00	800.00
Total Street Newz Revenue	1557.75	1237.75	1259.50
Street Newz Expenses			
Salaries	800.00	800.00	800.00
Paper & Printing Costs	236.25	236.25	236.25
Postage	85.75	53.75	56.50
Office expenses/website	100.00	65.00	65.00
Vendor/Writer Meetings/Support	145.75	102.75	21.75
Ttl Street Newz Expenses	1367.75	1257.75	1179.50
Street Newz	190.00	-20.00	80.00
Bread & Roses Revenue			
Grant \$	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Bread & Roses Revenue	0.00	0.00	0.00
Bread & Roses Expenses			
Street Newz Donation	800.00	800.00	800.00
Ttl Bread & Roses Expenses	800.00	800.00	800.00
Bread & Roses	-800.00	-800.00	-800.00
Consolidated Ttl (SNZ + B&R)	-610.00	-820.00	-720.00
Bread & Roses Bank Balance	4768.68	4064.89	3264.89

Hello Friend of Street Newz ...

Your subscription and support through the years has really helped our little newspaper remain independent and free and for that I send you a truly heart felt **THANK YOU!!**

For various reasons, June 2014 will be the final *Street Newz* issue. I've written about it in the editorial on page 2, more details will follow.

About your subscription ... how would you like to settle that? If you've recently re-subscribed and would like a refund, I can facilitate that. If you'd like to transfer your subscription over to the *Megaphone*, I can pass your payment and information to them. Send me an email and let me know. If I don't hear from you I'll assume you feel that you got your money's worth, and I'll put your donation towards my next project.

Street Newz has been an incredible adventure, it's been a wonderful ten years.

Thanks again, so much, for all your support.

Namaste,
Janine